the Current News of the Day

MEETING IN HEAVEN.

WE SHALL RECOGNIZE EACH OTHER IN THE OTHER WORLD.

The Eloquent Discourse of Dr. Talmage on the Recognization of Friends and Rela-

Dr. Talmage preached to an enormous outdoor gathering at Wa a, Minn., on Sunday. His subject was, "Meeting Our Friends in Heaven." The eminent clergyman took for his text 2 Samuel, xii, 23: "I shall go to him." His germon was as follows:

There is a very sick child in the abode of David, the king. Disease, which stalks up the dark lane of the poor and puts its smothering hand on the lip and nostril of the wan and wasted, also mounts the palace stairs and, bending over the pillow, blows into the face of a young prince the frosts of pain and death. Tears are wine to the king of terrors. Alas! for David the king. He can neither sleep nor eat, and lies prostrate on his face, weeping and wailing until the palace rings with the outcry of

What are courtly attendants, or victorious armies, or conquered provinces, under such circumstances? What to any parent are splendid sur-roundings when his child is sick? Seven days have passed on. Then in that great house two eyelids are gently closed, two little hands folded, two little feet quiet, one heart still. The servants come to bear the tidings to the king, but they sannot make up their minds to tell him, and they stand at the door whispering about the matter, and David hears them and he books up and says to them, "Is the child dead?" "Yes, he is dead." David rouses himself up, washes himself, puts on new apparel, and sits down to food. What power hushed that tempest? What strength was it that lifted up that king whom grief had dethroned? Oh, it was the thought that he would come again into the posession of that darling child. No grave digger's spade could hide him. The wintry blasts of death could not put out the bright light. There would be a forge somewhere that with silver hammer would weld the broken links. In a city where the boofs of the pale horse never strike the pavement he would clasp his lost treasure. He wipes away the tears from his eyes, and clears the exclaims, "I shall go to him."

Was David right or wrong? If we part on earth will we meet again in the next world? "Well," says some one, "that seems to be an impossibility. Heaven is so large a place, we never could find our kindred there." Going into some city, without having appointed a time and place for meet ing, you might wander around for weeks and for months, and perhaps for years, and never seel each other, and heaven is vaster than all earthly cities together, and how are you going to find your departed friend in John went up on one mountain of inspiration, and he looked off upon the multitude, and he said, "Thousands of thousands." Then he came upon a greater altitude of inspiration and looked off upon it again, and he and "Ton thousand times ten thousand off again, and he said, "A hundred and forty and four thousand and thousan thausands of toousand." And he came on a still greater height of inspiration, and he looked off again, and exclaimed, "A great multitude that no man can number." Now, I ask, Now, I ask how are you going to find your friends in such a throng as that? Is not this idea we have been entertaining, after all, a falsity? Is this noctrine of future recognization of friends in heava guess, a myth, a whim, or is it a stanitic foundation upon which the soul pierced of all ages may build a glorious hope? Intense question! Every heart in this audience throbs right into it. There is in every soul here the tomb of at least one dead.

Tremendous question! It makes the lip quiver, and the cheek flush, and the entire nature thrill: Shall we know each other there? I get letters almost every month asking me to discuss this subject. I get a letter in a bold, scholary hand, on gilt-edge paper, asking me to discuss this question, and I say, "Ah! that is a curious man, and he wants a curious question solved." But I get another letter. It is written with a trembling hand, and on what seems to be a torn-out leaf of a book, and here and there is the mark of a tear; and I say, "Oh, that is a broken heart and it wants to

be comforted. The object of this sermon is to take this theory out of the region of reunion at the celestial gate will be as certain as the dying kiss at the door

of the sepulchre. Now, when you are going to build a ship you must get the right kind of timber. You lay the keel and make the framework of the very best materials, the keelson, stanchions, plank-shear, counter timber-knee, transoms, all of solid oak. You may build a ship of lighter material, but when the cyclone comes on it will go down. Now we may have a great many beau-tiful theories about the future world,

thay do very well as long as we have me storms of sorrow come upon us, and the hurrcane of death, we will be swamped—we will be foundered. We want a theory built out of the solid oak of God's eternal word.

The doctrine of future recognition is not so often positively stated in the Word of God as implied, and you know, my friends, that that is, after all, the strongest mode of affirmation. Your friend travels in foreign lands. He comes home. He does not begin by arguing with you to prove that there are such places as London and Stockholm and Paris and Dresden and Berlin, but his conversation implies it. And so this Bible does not phies it. And so this lible does not so positively state this theory as, all up and down its enapters, it takes it for granted. What does my text imply? "I shall go to him." What consolation would it be to David to go to his child if he would not know him.

The Bible indicates, over and over

again, that the angels know each other; and then the Bible says that we are to be higher than the angels, and if the angels have the power of recognition, shall not we, who are to be higher than they in the next realm, have as good eyesight and as good capacity? What did Christ mean, in his conversation with Mary and Martha, when he said, "Thy brother shall rise again?" It was as much as to say, "Don't cry. Don't wear yourself out with this trouble. You will see him again. Thy brother shall rise again." The Bible describes heaven as a great home circle Well, now, that would be a very queer home circle where the mem-hers did not know each other. The Bible describes death as a sleep. If we know each other before we go to sleep, shall we know each other after we wake up? Oh, yes. We will know each other a great deal better then than now, "for now," says the apostle, "we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face." It will be my purified, enthroned, and

glorified body gazing on your purified, enthroned, and glorified body.

Now, I demand, if you believe the Bible, that you take this *theory of future recognition out of the realm of speculation and surmise into the region of positive certainty, and no more keep saying, "I hope it is so; I have an idea it is so; I guess it is so." Be able to say, with all the concentrated energy of body, mind and soul, "I know it is so."

There are, in addition to these Bi ble arguments, other reasons why I place, because the rejection of it implies the entire obliteration of our memory. Can it be possible that we shall forget forever those with whose walk, look, manner we have been so long familiar? Will death come and with a sharp keen blade hew away this faculty of memory? Abraham said to Dives, "Son, remember." If the excited and lost remember, will

not the enthroned remember?. Again: I accept the doctrine o future recognition because the world's expectancy affirms it. In all lands and ages this theory is received. What form of religion planted it? No form of religion, for it is received under all forms of religion. Then, I argue, a sentiment, a feeling, an anticipation, universally planted, must have been God-implanted, and if God-implanted, it is rightfully implanted. Socrates writes: "Who planted. Socrates writes: purchase a meeting with Ciphens and Homer? If it be true that this is to be the consequence of death, I could even be able to die often." Among the Danes, when a master dies his servant sometimes stabs himself that he may serve his master in the future world. Cicero, living before Christ's coming, said: "O glorious day when shall retire from this low and sor did scene, to associate with the divine assemblage of departed spirits, and not only with the one I have just now mentioned, but my dear Cato, the best of sons and most faithful of men. If I seemed to bear his death with fortitude, it was by no means that I did not most sensibly feel the loss I had sustained. It was because I was supported by the consoling reflection that we could not long be separated." The Norwegian believes it. The Indian believes it. The Greenlander believes it. The Swiss believes it. The Turk believes it. Under every sky, by every river, in every zone, the theory is adopted; and so I say a principle universally implanted must be God-implanted, and hence a right belief. The argument is irresistible.

Again: I adopt this theory be-cause there are features of moral, temperament and features of the soul that will distinguish us forever. How do we know each other in this world? Is it merely by the color of the eye, or the length of the hair, or the facial proportions? Oh, no. surmise and speculation into the is by the disposition as well as by region of positive certainty. People | natural affinity, using the word in the say: "It would be very pleasant if that doctrine were true. I hope it may be true. Perhaps it is true. I should perish and lie there forevery wish it were true." But I believe and there should be no resurrection. that I can bring an accumulation of still the soul has enough features and argument to bear upon this matter the disposition has enough features which will prove the doctrine of future to make us distinguishable. I can recognition as plainly as that there is understand how in sickness a man any heaven at all, and that the kiss of will become so delirious that he will notknow hisown friends but will we be blasted with such insufferable idiocy, that, standing beside our friends for all eternity, we will never guess who they are?

There is a mother before the throne of God. You say her joy is full. Is it? You say there can be no aug-mentation of it. Cannot there be? Her son was a wanderer and a vaga-bond on the earth when that good mother died. He broke her old heart. She died leaving him in the wilderness of sin. She is before the

built out of our own fancy, and they throne of God now. Years pass and that son repents of his crimes and smooth sailing in the world, but when gives his heart to God and becomes a useful Christian, and dies and en-ters the gates of heaven. You tell me that that mother's joy cannot be augmented. Let them confront each other, the son and the mother. "Oh," she says to the angels of God, "rejoice with me! The dead is alive again, and the lost is found. Halle luiah! I never expected to see this ost one come back.

The Bible says nations are to be born in a day. When China comes to God will it not know Jr. Abeel? When India comes will it not know Dr. John Scudder? When the Indians come to God will they not know David Brainerd?

I see a soul entering heaven at last with covered face at the idea that it has done so little for Christ, and feel ing borne down with unworthiness, and it says to itself, "I have no right to be here." A voice from a throne says, "Oh, you forget that Sunday school class you invited to Christ! I was one of them." And another voice says, "You forget that poor man to whom you gave a loaf of bread, and told of the heavenly bread. I was that man." And an-other says, "You forget that sick one to whom you gave medicine for the body and the soul. I was that one. And then Christ, from a throne overtopping all the rest, will say, "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, you did it to me." And then the seraphs will take their harps from the side of the throne and cry, "What song shall it be?" And Christ bending over the harpers, shall say, "It Shall be the Harvest Home!"

One more residuable of the ed to accept this docume of the fu-ture recognition is that so many in their last hour on earth have confirmed this theory. I speak not of per sons who have been delirious in their last moments and knew not what they were about, but of persons who died in calmness and placidity, and who were not naturally superstitious. often the glories of heaven have struck the dying pillow, and the de-parting man has said he saw and heard those who had gone away from him. How often it is in the dying moments parents see their departed children and children see their departed parents! I came down to the banks of the Mohawk river. It was evening and I wanted to go over the river, and so I waved my hat and shouted, and after awhile I saw some one waving on the opposite bank, and I heard him shout, and the boat transported. And so I suppose it will be in the evening of our life. We will come down to the river of death and give a signal to our friends on the other shore, and they will give a signal back to us, and the boat comes, and our departed kindred are the oarsmen, the fires of the setting

day tinging the tops of the paddles.

Oh, have you never sat by such a deathbed? In that hour you hear the departing soul cry, "Hark! look!

You hearkened and you looked. A little child pining away because of the death of its mother, getting weaker the room where hung the picture of her mother. She seemed to enjoy looking at it, and then she was taken away, and after awhile died. In the last moment that wan and wasted little one lifted her hands, while her face lighted appoints the glory of the You world and cried out, "Mother! mother? She did. So in my first settlement at Belleville a plain man said to me, "What do you think I heard last night? I was in the room where one of my neighbors was dying. He was a good man, and he said he heard the angels of God singing before the throne. I haven't much poetry about me, but I listened and I heard them too.' Said I, 'I have no doubt of it.' Why, we are to be taken up to heaven at last by ministering pirits. Who are they to be? souls that went up from Madras, or Antioch, or Jerusalem? Oh, no; our glorified kindred are going to troop around us.

Heaven is not a stately, formal place, as I sometimes hear it described, a very frigidity of splender, where people stand on cold formalities and go round about with heavy crowns of gold on their heads. No, that is not my idea of heaven. My idea of heaven in more like this: You are seated in the evening-tide by the fireplace, your whole family there, or nearly all of them there. While you are seated talking and enjoying the evening hour there is a knock at the door and the door opens, and there comes in a brother that has been long absent. He has been absent for years, you have not seen him, and no sooner do you make up your mind that it is certainly he, than you leap up, and the question is who shall give him the first embrace. That is my idea of heaven—a great home circle where they are waiting for us. Oh, will you not know your mother's voice there she who always called you by your first name long after others had given you the formal "mister?" You were never anything but James, or John, or George, or Thomas, or Mary, or Florence to her. Will you not know your child's yoice?

quiet step, who came in from play and fly heardf into your lap, a very shower or with and beauty? Why, the picture is graven in your soul. It cannot wear out. If that little one should stand on the other side of some heavenly hill and call to you, you would hear her voice above the burst of heaven's great orchestra. Know it? You could not help but

Now I bring you this glorious con-

that are stretching across it. When I was a lad I used to go out to the railroad track and put my ear down on the track, and I could heathe express train rumbling miles awy, and coming on; and today, my friends, if we only had faith enough, we could put our ear down to the grave of our dead, and listen and hear in the distance the rumbling on of the chariots of resurrection victory. O heaven! Sweet heaven! You do not spell heaven as you used to spel, it. You used to spell it h-e-a-v-e-n, heaven. But now when you want to soell that word you place side by side the faces of the loved ones who are gore, and in that irridiation of light and love, and beauty and joy you spell it out as never before, in songs and hat leuishs.

Oh, yo whose hearts are you under the son of this reunion!

Oh!

UNION C. H., SOUTH CARGLINA, JULY 25, 1890.

how much you will have totell them regular organization exists, but it is when once you meet them! How much you have been through since to convict anyone arrested for reveyou saw them last! On the shining nue offenses, and that a criminal can shore you will talk it all over. The hide from the officers for years in the heartaches. The loneliness. The mountain fastnesses. The fate of a heartaches. The loneliness. sleepless nights. The weeping until traitor is death and this is so well you had no more power to weep, because the heart was withered and dried up. Story of vacant chair, and empty cradle, and little shoe only half worn out, never to be worn again, just the shape of the foot that once pressed it. And dreams when you thought that the departed had come back again, and the room seemed bright with their faces, and you started up to greet them, and in the effort the dream broke and you found yourself standing amid-room in the midnight-alone. Talking it all over and then, hand in hand, walking up the light. No sorrow, no tears, no death. Oh, heaven! beautiful heaven! Heaven where our

friends are. Heaven where we expect to be. Oh, how different it is on earth from the way it is in heaven when a Christian dies! We say "Close his eyes." In heaven they say, "Give him a palm." On earth we say, "Let him down in the ground." In heaven they say, "Raise him on a throne. On earth it is, "Farewell, farewell. In heaven it is, "Welcome, welcome." And so I see a Christian soul coming down to the river of death, and he town to the river of death, and he steps into the river, and the water comes to the ankle. He says, "Lord Jesus, is this death?" "No," says Christ, "this is not death." And he he wader built ther the soul says, "Lord Jesus, is this death?"
"No," says Christ, "this is not." And deeper in wades the soul till the billow strikes the lip, and the departing one cries, "Lord Jesus, is this death?" "No," says Christ, "this is not." But when Christ has lifted that soul on a

joy of heaven came surging to its feet, then Christ says: "This, oh transported soul! This is death!" A WILD RIDE.

throne of glory, and the pomp and

Passengers on an Express Have a Sensation-An Engineer Locked in a Mad Fireman's Arms - A Thrilling Story of a Hair Breadth Escape from Death.

JANESVILLE, Wis. July 16.—The passengers on the Chicago and North-western supposes had a wild ride yesterday while a struggle for life and death. death was going on bytween the fire-man and engineer. On the floor of the locomotive cab lay Engineer Steve Hobetting, powerless in the grasp of a maniac. The insane man, his face blackened by coal dust, his clothing stripped from his body, in the life and death struggle, brandished a wrench, which he had clutched from the engineer's tool box. Both his arms were in the grasp of the despairing man beneath him, but the men on the depot platform at Clyman, one of the towns through which the train passed, could see that he found by Sheriff Gilreath on Sunday. had nearly freed himself, and that It is said, however, he will surren in another moment, unless some help | der. should come, the murderous blow of

the wretch would fall.

The maniac was Fireman C. L.

Hastings. Near Watertown he had stepped from the cab to the tender to cool off. He did not return, and Engineer Hotetting reached back from his seat, pulled aside the cab curtain, and looked out. As the curtain moved aside Hastings bounded in from the tender and clatched the engineer about the neck, and threw him headlong to the swaying foot board. There the two struggled as the train dashed on at a full rate of

The engine left without fresh fuel was slowly losing steam, but rushed on at a rate that could mean nothing less than a fearful tragedy at the first

As the train swept past Clyman without stopping the passengers and train crew realized that something was wrong, and a party hurried forward. Writhing and struggling among the blocks of coal on the tender, they saw the engineer and his der, they saw the engineer and his maniac assailant. The latter was covered and taken to the bag-scar ear. I moment after he fainted: Consciousness did not return until toolve he mand elapsed. The hot weather have not the cause of his insanity, and there are fears that he cannot recover.

A special to the Louisville Even ing Times from New Albany, Indiana, says: The Gosport accommodation train on the Menon route colli-

A MOONSHINE MURDER.

APPARENT CLEARING UP OF THE AS-SASSINATION OF BEN ROSS

'Little Bill' Howard Makes a Confession His Cousin the Man Who Fired the Fatal Shot-Ross Killed for Treason to Block-

(Greenville Naws)

The mystery surrounded the kiling of Ben Ross, in February, 1888, has at last been cleared up by the confession of William L. Howard who was arrested last week charged with the murder and is now in jail. Ben Ross, the murdered man, was a moonshiner and was a member of

world. It is not known whether a known that it is next to impossible known that not a man dares to commanicate with a revenue officer, and if once seen talking to one he is under the ban of suspicion forever. Every stranger entering the county is a suspect and he had better quick ly prove himself not a revenue office or a detective. The sheriff and other county officers are received with hospitality and the people have often assisted Sheriff Gilreath in making arrests for offenses against State law On the most serious charges the man wanted has been known to come to the sheriff and surrender, and if there were others implicated, the arrested man would go out and bring them in. A revenue officer is most bitterly ha ed, and the people consider that the making and selling of whiskey is a privilege that the United States government has no right to interfere with. They resort to any desperate

measures to protect themselves. On the day when Ben Ross was killed he had been to the city as a witness in a revenue trial before Commissioner Hawthorne. There were a number of people from the same section in the commissioner's office. Some of them heard Ben Ross say that he was getting tired of the old ring and if things did not go better he intended to break it up by tel-Christ, "this is not death." And he wades still deeper down into the waters until the flood comes to the knee and he says, "Lord Jesus, tell meaning that Ross bed cutton with the axe been suspected, and he says, "Lord Jesus, tell meaning to the revenue officers. It seems that Ross bed cutton with the axe been suspected, and he says, "Lord Jesus, tell meaning to the revenue officers. It seems that Ross bed cutton with the axe been suspected, and he says, "Lord Jesus, tell meaning to the revenue officers. It seems that Ross bed cutton with the axe been suspected, and he says, "Lord Jesus, tell meaning to the revenue of the revenue night, he was instancy then by a shot through a window. Several arrests were made, but it was impossible to unravel the mystery, and all those arrests were dismissed at the

preliminary hearings.
"Little Bill" Howard's confession was made freely and voluntarily a few days ago and was written down. He was advised not to make it, but said he knew what the consequences would be. Howard confesses that he was present when Ross was killed and that William M. Howard, alias "Big Bill" Howard, a first cousin, was the murderer. He says that "Big Bill" spoke to him a dozen the mysteries of the critical the mysteries of the m times about killing Ross and that he refused to have anything to do with

t. "Big Bill" told him that if he did not go along with him he would kill him (Howard.) "Big Bill" had a double-barrelled shot gun and waned him to take a weapon, but he refused. They went to Ross's house, and "Big Bill" went up on the piazza while "Little Bill" stood near by. After the shooting the two men walked about a hundred yards and then separated, "Big Bill" going home and "Little Bill" to the house of Mr. Moon. As the two men walked away from Ross' house "Big Bill" said to his companion that he thought he "got him that time.

Deputy Marshal Fisher has been working up the case. "Big Bill' Howard is hiding in the neighborhood of his home and could not be found by Sheriff Gilreath on Sunday.

A Wonderful Stone.

Kingston, Ga., July 14.-Mr. John McCraney, hving near here, has found a most wonderful stone. While plowing on a sandbar in the Etowah river, he saw something shining with the most brilliant of lights just to one side of him. He stopped his plow and went to pick it up. It was a clear white stone, the size of an egg, reflecting in one way all the colors of the rainbow. Turning it over the colors took on the character of a spirit level, following each other up through the centre of the rock till all were gathered in one end. Mr. Mc-Craney has been offered \$1,000 for it out refused it. He will take it to Atlanta to have it tested. It may be diamond. It emits a perfectly white light in the dark.

What Congress Has Done.

The present Congress cannot be charged with not having done any thing. It has done much. Much that will have to be undone, and much that the people will have cause to regret. It has doomed to dephished by half a dozen wars and the wisdom of 100 years of statesmanship. It has done too much. The people should give it an eternal rest, if they are ever again permitted to go to the polls and vote.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

-During a marriage ceremony cently in a church at Christiansourg, Va., a goat deliberately walked n and interrupted the ceremony by giv-Now I bring you this glorious consolation of future recognition. If you could get this theory into your heart it would lift a great many shadows ded with a freight train at Smithwill, a flag station eight miles south of Bloomington at 8:30 o'clock. Ten lives are lost. WOMEN LAID BRUIN OUT-

Brave Fight of Two Molus River Matrons

Vanceboro, Me., July 17.—There is still a little of the old time pioneer spirit to be found among the women of the present day who live in the sparsely settled regions in this sec

It has cropped out no more plainly than in a thrilling incident at Molus River, a provincial town, a few nights since, in which two women were th heroines. Roderick McDonald, who lives in one of the remote parts of the settlement, was absent from home leaving his wife and sister as the sole defenders of his household, and most were busy about their household duties, were suddenly attracted by a bellowing among the cattle in the barnyard. They listened for a mo-

ment and were convinced that the noises were those of terror among the animals. Without the slightest hesitation the women armed themselves with the only weapons at hand, an axe and

a pitchfork, and sallied forth to meet the foe, and a most formidable opponent they found. Only a few steps had been taken before they saw an enormous black bear, who stood aggressively awaiting them. At either side of him lay an ox, which had fallen under his heavy blows, while the rest of the

cattle were huddled closely in one corner of the yard, bellowing piteousy in their fright. The women lost no time. Mrs. McDonald, excited at the sight of the dead animals, rushed at the bear with a pitchfork and thrust it deep into his neck. A roar of mingled anger and pain followed, and with a sweep of his paw he struck the weapon from her hands and sent it

rattling on the other side of the yard.
The other woman had not been idle in the meantime, and as the bear made this movement she struck at him with an axe, disabling one of his forelegs, Mrs. McDonald ran for her pitchfork, recovered it, and the two plucky women then went at bruin with hammer and tongs. Mrs. McDonald worried him with the pitchfork in while her companion did deadly exa-

The women had their clothes badly torn, but beyond a few scratches and the fright, suffered no injury.

HIS DYING CONFESSION.

Wife and Daughter.

The written confession of Dick Hawes, the notorious wife and child murderer, will never be published in book form, as was expected. The following details, which are contained the mysteries of the crime, and are now made public for the first time.

Hawes states in the confession that he did not contemplate the murders until Friday night before they were committed on Saturday night. It was then his wife refused to leave the city, as she had promised to do, and the plan of putting her out of the way for good was quickly decided

Detectives have hunted in vain for the conveyance Hawes was supposed to have used to remove her body to the lake, and his confession clears up that part of the mystery. His wife and children were induced to drink liquor until both were intoxicated, and then, under some pretext, they were taken to the lake and murdered on the banks, and their bodies were thrown in.

They were not killed at the house, as it has always been supposed. He says the negro woman, Fannie Bryant, who was convicted as his accomplice assisted him from beginning to end, and when the bloody work was finished, they swore a terrible oath never to betray each other's secret.

The confession admits that Fanny Bryant told the truth in her testimony that Hawes took little May from her house on Monday night May would have been murdered on Saturday night, but they could not induce her to drink the liquor, and another plan had to be adopted to get rid of her.

In concluding the confession Hawes wrote that he fully deserved the late in store for him, and he wanted no one else to die for his crime.

A Dangerous Trick.

COLUMBIA, S. C., July 14.—On Sunday night a party of young negroes finding John Robinson, a fifteen year old boy, asleep on a bridge near the outskirts of the city, they determined to play a trick on him. A quantity of heavy paper was procured and saturated with kerosene oil, and securely tied around the naked legs of the sleeper. A light was then applied. The boy sprang up and the flames ran up his legs. He screamed for assistance, and a white man living near by, with his hands, tore the burning paper and clothing off. The boy is very dangerously injured, and his rescuer had his hands seriousburned.

-Two freight cars loaded with sixteen tons of powder exploded at King's Mills, O., Tuesday afternoon, causing the explosion of the cartridge factory, which set fire to the rround ing buildings, about ten of which were destroyed, and killing six persons and wounding twenty men and women.

DEATH FLEW FAST,

SUDDEN AND AWFUL STORM ON A WISCONSIN LAKE.

Steamer Overtaken and Capsized-Men Women and Children Thrown Struggling into Raging Water-Awful Scenes of the Tempest - Rescuing Parties at Work.

LAKE CITY, MINN., July 16 .- Sunday night just before dark a disastrous cyclone bore down upon this community, and in a few minutes nearly two hundred people were killed. What appeared to be an ordinary electric storm was noticed coming from the west, but in half an hour the whole heavens were converted

THE RESERVE OF THE PARTY OF THE rific wind struck the village, driving every one in doors. Trees were uprooted, buildings wrecked and much damage done in the short time the storm lasted. In a few moments news was abroad that an excursion boat with over two hundred people on it was capsized in the middle of Lake Peppin. The boat was the steamer "Zawing," which came down from the Lake Diamend Bluff, a small place about seventeen miles north of here, on an excursion to the encampment of the First Regiment of National Guards, which is being

held a mile below the city.

The steamer started back on the homeward trip about eight o'clock and although there were signs of an approaching storm it was not con-sidered in any way serious and no langer was anticipated.

The boat was crowded to its fullest capacity, about 150 men, women and children from Red Wing and Diamond Bluff being on board and about fifty people on a barge which was attached to the side of the steamer. When about opposite Lake City the boat began to feel the effects of the storm but the officers kept on their way. The storm increased as the boat continued up the lake and in fifteen minutes was at its height. Nearing Central Point, about two miles above Lake City the steamer was at the mercy of the waves which were wash-

ing over the boat and all was con-fusion. The boat momentarily can on a bar and the barge was and the steamer again set adrift into the like. A number jumped over board and swam ashere. As the barge floated again into deep water those on the bargy say the steamer as it was tanking helplessly out into the steamer capsized and its carge of 150

The barge remained there until they were drifted near shore or swam ashore. There were a number of ladies who were brought to the beach by strong and ready swimmers.
As soon as the storm struck the
boat Captain Weathern gave instructions to run the boat into the Wis-consin shore, but it was too late. The waves were too strong to permit the working of the rudder. After the barge was cut away it was carried to the middle of the lake and boats were lowered by the crew and the more cool headed passengers were devoted to preparations for the worst. A dozen or more secured the few life preservers that were to be found and jumped into the water, preferring to take their chances. In five min-utes more the waves began to wash into the boat and fill the lower decks while hailstones as large as hen's eggs came down upon the heads of

All of the people on board, 150 or more, were thrown into the water, some being caught underneath and others thrown into the water. The boat turned bottom upwards, and only about twenty-five people were observed floating on he surface. These caught hold of the upturned bottom, those first securing a position assisting others. In fifteen minutes more twenty-five or thirty who had obtained safety on the boat could observe no others.

the people, while a huge wave struck the craft on the side at the same

moment that a terrific blast of wind,

more horribly forcible than the

others, came up and carried the boat

After the crew and passengers had made a thorough search in the immediate vicinity of the boat they began a more extensive search. Afterward, however, as a flash of lightning lighted the surface of the lake, by the brilliant light the dress of a drowning woman or child was observed, but it was impossible for those who witnessed the horrible sight to render any aid. Those remaining began to call for help from the shore.

Soon the storm began to abate and n a half hour lights were observed litting about on the shore near where the steamer had been drifted before help could reach it. The poor creatures who remained to tell the horrors of the night were again compelled to suffer further horrors of the elements. A hail storm burst with no word of warning, and as they were just be-ginning to hope that they would be taken off by the citizensof Lake City, the boat again turned over, this time on its side and all of the twenty-five passengers were hurled into the water and drowned before they could be brought to the boat by those who succeeded in remaining affoat and holding on the ship's side.

It Requires a Head.

A.: "Preaching don't require much head work.

B.: "That's what I thought until I read in a paper the other day that a colored preacher had conquered a stubborn mule by butting him."